

## At the Tunnel's End

By Ray Stannard Baker

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And then came the blue Monday. It was at the afternoon shift. The tunnel had been behaving itself with admirable decorum for a day or two, the earth had seemed much harder, and though there was frequent rattling of escaping air, the sound of which had grown so familiar that it brought not a tremor to the men, the gaps were more easily closed. Swanson had accumulated a large stock of clay balls.

"You're getting fat and lazy, Swanson," Jernigan said. "The old lady ain't playin' her chimes any more."

But Jernigan spoke too soon. Not ten minutes later one of the Italians sprang back with a shout; he had opened a little pocket of air near the top and at one side of the tunnel's end. For a moment the soft earth gushed out; then there was the wailing sound of escaping air. Instantly Swanson drove a clay ball into the hole, but instead of remaining there it disappeared at once, being driven upward by the escaping air. Other balls followed in like manner; the air was going fast. Half the crew were throwing the clay, but it either went out of sight or sloughed down with the incoming mud. Then, of a sudden, in rushed a torrent of water as big as a man's leg. Jernigan



Swanson was compelled to push against him.

ran for more air pressure, and the men redoubled their efforts, but all to no avail. Suddenly, while Jernigan himself was working at the breach, the Italians bolted. Jernigan yelled at them, but they were too desperately frightened and ran at the top of their speed for the air lock. The other men paused undecided for an instant, and then they, too, followed. It seemed certain death to remain with that stream of water pouring into the tunnel. It would require only a moment to wear a larger hole, and then the whole river would be in on them, and there were nearly 600 feet of running to the air lock and safety.

Jernigan looked around. Only Swanson was left, calmly yet swiftly gathering up more clay balls.

For an instant the two men looked at each other. Jernigan had promised to see the work through, and see it through he would, water or no water. Swanson saw him spring suddenly upon the low earth bank which the men used when working around the upper rim of the tunnel. He turned swiftly and braced himself into the mud of the tunnel's end, driving his body into the pocket of quicksand.

"Here, Swanson, plug me in," he ordered.

Swanson brought clay balls and drove them into the mud around Jernigan's body. "She's comin' fast, Meester Jernigan," he observed. The water poured out everywhere around him, and when the clay began to stop its course the pressure was so great on Jernigan's back that Swanson was compelled to push against him and hold him in with one of his huge hands while with the other he plugged away with the clay.

"Give it to her, Swanson," said Jernigan cheerfully, although his face was twisted with the pain of his position. Swanson worked furiously, with the water rising about his legs. The other workmen were already safe in the air lock. The dim tunnel seemed like a long pathway of water, for the roadway was now completely covered. For a time it seemed an even chance against the incoming water. Then, with Swanson's clay and the increasing air pressure, the flow slowly lessened.

"We're beating her," observed the sub-boss.

Swanson removed his hand from Jernigan's body, for the air pressure now supported him firmly in place. More clay was brought and plugged in around Jernigan's body, and presently the tunnel no longer grumbled.

"Now, Swanson," said Jernigan, "you go up and get those men out here." He said other things about his crew not necessary to set down in this place.

Swanson started promptly, but he had not gone far when he heard Jernigan shout. He turned and saw the sub-boss spread out his arms and begin to struggle through the water. He saw instantly what the matter was. The air pressure was driving Jernigan bod-

ily into the soft mud. Already his body had nearly disappeared. His head rested against the rim of the tunnel, and he was grasping desperately to hold himself inside. His face was white, and he could not speak. Swanson seized him by the collar; his shirt tore away. Then the great Swede took hold of his arms and drew him from the engulfing mud by main force. He fell unconscious in Swanson's arms. Instantly there came the gurgling of escaping air, then a wild rushing torrent of mud and water.

Swanson ran, at first with the sub-boss in his arms, the water surging about his legs, but he was soon so hampered that he drew Jernigan's shoulders under him arm and then rushed on again, dragging his burden. The heavy air roared in his ears, and he choked with the thumping of his heart. He had already been under pressure longer than the usual time. And still he waded, the water now up to his waist. He held Jernigan's head above the flood.

Thus he came to the air lock and pounded on the steel door. He knew that there was not one chance in a thousand that any one would dare to open it, for the water was already above the upper frame. There, too, had come Billy, the tunnel mule, dragging his empty car behind him. He had not hurried, though he realized that something was wrong, and he now stood with quiet patience, his nose close pressed to the steel door. It had always opened to him before. He had faith to believe it would open now.

Although sore pressed, Swanson stroked the mule's rough neck, then bent his shoulder into the water and unhooked the harness traces. He felt that there was no chance for any of them, but he wanted to give Billy an equal opportunity to fight for his life. There were presently just room and air between the top of the tunnel and the top of the water to accommodate Swanson's head and Jernigan's, which Swanson held up. Swanson could see the long row of electric lights gleaming on the muddy flood. They were at the highest point in the tunnel, and the water had not yet reached them.

Again he knocked on the wall, and some one knocked in reply. Swanson fancied there were voices, but he could not make out what was said for the buzzing in his ears, but the door did not open. A few feet away the soft gray nose of Billy, the mule, rose above the water. Swanson reached out and touched it with dripping fingers. There was a hesitating look in the dumb eyes, as if the mule knew that he could not last much longer. Swanson said nothing. There was a strange likeness between the man and the brute. Both were slow, dull, powerful of body, with the patience that outwards suffering and the dumb, uncomplaining faith that goes down to death without a quiver. Neither made an outcry. Having done all that was possible, they waited. Swanson's eyes presently began to fail him. The lights grew dim, but he still held Jernigan's head above the water.

All this time the great pumps above ground were drawing to their utmost on the flood, and the engines were driving compressed air into the deep workings, though those outside had little hope of rescuing the entombed men, and yet, what human hands were so weak in doing, blind circumstance had already accomplished, for the terrific lurch of water at the tunnel's end had brought in great quantities of sand, clay and boulders, which soon filled the tunnel for many feet and finally choked the break, so that water could no longer enter.

The tunnel had overreached itself in its treachery, and now, slowly, the pumps and the compressors began to lower the flood within the pressure workings. Swanson was dimly conscious of the change. He felt the water, which was icy cold to his half naked body, leave his shoulders, then creep down his breast. He was leaning now against the wall, still holding Jernigan up. Presently, though he fought against it, he sank to his knees, and thus they found him, with the mule's gray nose resting on his shoulder. They dragged the two men into the air lock, followed by a rush of water. Both were unconscious. Billy tried to follow, but they pushed him back, and when the door was closed he still stood there patiently, waiting with faith the rough kindness of his masters. He had known all along that the door some way, some time, would open; had it not always opened before?

Jernigan came to himself first in the hot room. He was not able to get up, but he rolled over, and when Swanson opened his eyes he said, in strange contrast to his usual comments: "You're a good man, Swanson."

And Swanson looked up at him like a dumb, wounded animal.

They forced Swanson to his feet, dosed him with black coffee and walked him up and down the room, though he groaned with pain and begged them to let him sleep.

Then Barclay came and swore about the water and, upon consideration, gave Jernigan \$50 and Swanson \$10, with the express condition that there should be no talking to reporters. And two weeks later Jernigan and Swanson again went into that black hole of death, for their calling was danger without expectation of reward for meeting it.

### THE END.

Civil Service Examination.

More examinations have been ordered for this district in the civil service. Authority came this morning for two more examinations. They will both be held on June 27 and are for the positions of testing engineer and general mechanic.

### Snubbery of Embassies.

During the discussion of the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill in the house yesterday Representative Shirley made a vigorous attack upon diplomatic snubbery and the vulgar display of wealth incidental to some of the American embassies.

## BIG TEAM SHOOT DECORATION DAY

McCreary's Men Win But Probus Leads Individual Score.

Best Men Will Be Formed Into Team to Challenge Any Club in the State.

### BIG TOURNAMENT PROMISED

The big competitive team shoot at the fair ground range drew a big crowd of sportsmen yesterday and some excellent shooting was done.

The shoot was arranged for the purpose of deciding the best team in the club and the contesting teams were headed by Fred McCreary and Jack Probus. McCreary's team won as a team but Probus made the highest average for any individual marksman.

The score was kept by I. H. Brake, an expert professional scoreman, and E. L. Brake, a brother, acted as referee.

#### The Score:

McCreary Team.	
L. D. Potter	162
J. B. McCreary	153
T. Houseman	147
T. Bennett	143
J. McCarty	127
Total	732

Probus Team.	
J. B. Probus	168
J. M. Vickrey	146
C. W. Grate	133
F. J. Theobald	115
E. F. Adams	112
Total	674

The events were 200 yards, 40 shots, with a possible score of 200 points.

The five highest score men will be organized into a team to meet any team in the state, open challenge, and later the big tournament will be arranged.

The Paducah Gun club and Paducah Rifle and Pistol club have negotiations on to combine in a big summer tournament and while no definite plans have been made, it is stated that the matter is a go.

Such a shoot would draw marksmen from all over the state.



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## WORMS

"I had for years suffered from what medical men called dyspepsia and Catarrh of the Stomach. In August I purchased a box of Cascarets and was surprised to find that I had 'em'—yes—a wiggle. I have since then kept a box of Cascarets in my house and I showed him thirty feet, and in another day the worms came out of his mouth. I am now a healthy man and I feel that this testimonial will appeal to other sufferers." Chas. Blackstock, 1115 University Place, West Philadelphia, Pa.

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## RIVER NEWS

### River Stages.

Cairo	16.5	0.1	rise
Chattanooga	4.6	0.7	rise
Cincinnati	9.4	0.1	fall
Evansville	6.6	0.2	fall
Johnsonville	4.7	0.7	rise
Florence	3.1	0.1	rise
Louisville	4.9	...	St'd
Mt. Carmel	2.5	...	St'd
Nashville	9.5	0.9	rise
Pittsburg	6.6	0.6	rise
Davis Island Dam	4.9	0.2	rise
St. Louis	13.7	...	St'd
Mt. Vernon	6.4	0.2	fall
Paducah	6.5	0.1	rise

The last two days has seen a rise in the river. The gauge registered 6.5 this morning, a rise of 0.1 in the last 24 hours. Weather clear.

The I. N. Hook, which has been on the dry docks for several weeks, has been let down into the water. A few other repairs will be made before it will be ready to resume business.

The Lyda left at noon today for Joppa.

The Kentucky will not arrive probably until Friday at noon, owing to waiting over at Shiloh for passengers who spent Decoration day there.

The City of Saltville is expected in tonight from the Tennessee river with the excursion party it carried to Shiloh from St. Louis.

The John Hopkins was in and out today from and for Evansville. The Joe Fowler tomorrow.

The Savannah from St. Louis will arrive Friday morning on the in-trip to the Tennessee river.

The Georgia Lee passed up today from Memphis to Cincinnati. The Peters Lee from Cincinnati to Memphis is due down Saturday.

The Dick Fowler got away on time this morning for Cairo with its share of the river business.

Charley Mitchell has resigned his position of second mate on the Joe Fowler and has accepted the position of head mate on the Dick Fowler.

The Henrietta left today for the Tennessee river.

The United States government awakened to the importance of this great commercial waterway has begun the construction of a series of dams and locks that will, when completed, assure a perpetual stage of nine feet of water throughout the length of the river. When these needed improvements are an accomplished fact, the commerce of the Ohio will reach such vast importance that one dare not prophesy its future.

Judge W. G. Dearing, surveyor of the port, who at the instance of the Louisville and Evansville Packet company has been conducting a voluminous correspondence with headquarters, at length has succeeded in getting the name of the steamer John W. Thomas changed to Glenmore.

"It is the hardest thing in the world," said Judge Dearing yesterday afternoon, "to get the name of a boat changed. Not so much because the government is opposed to such action on the part of the boat owners, but because so much red tape has to be used. We have used up as much as several bales of it," he concluded laughing.

The John W. Thomas was bought by the company some time ago from John W. Thomas, of Nashville. It is a freight and passenger steamer. The company wanted the name changed because the name of a Nashville man didn't suit.

The house committee on appropriations has decided that the marine hospitals at Louisville, Cincinnati, Evansville and other ports on the Ohio river shall not be abolished for the present.

There is no virtue in the elation over finding fault that makes you forget to fix it.

## Rackache, Pain in the Hips and Groins

In most cases are direct results of WEAK KIDNEYS and INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER. The strain on the Kidneys and in flamed membranes lining the neck of the Bladder producing these pains.

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## MUTUAL OFFICERS MAY BE INDICTED

Testimony of Andy Fields Dis-closes Bad Practices.

Millions of Dollars Are Paid Out On Padded Accounts to Fictitious Firms.

### OTHER WITNESSES CALLED IN.

New York, May 31.—Astounding evidence of fraud in the Mutual Life Insurance company has been given to the special grand jury. The testimony was in corroboration of the full confession made to the grand jury by Andrew Fields covering the period of 10 years during which he was the confidential legislative agent of the Mutual Life.

The frauds cover a period of 20 years, as disclosed before the grand jury, and millions of dollars during this period have been taken from the policy holders. Indictments are certain to be found against officials high in the councils of the Mutual Life.

It is disclosed that not only were padded accounts used to misappropriate money from the Mutual Life, but fictitious firms were opened with fictitious firms which were dealt with just the same as if they were honest in all the transactions with the Mutual Life.

The grand jury has a full list of all the fictitious firms with which the Mutual's supply department had dealings and through which Fields collected hundreds of thousands of dollars, with the consent at least, if not the knowledge, of the expenditures committee of the Mutual Life.

To clear up a part of the evidence given by Fields, Charles A. Preller, auditor, and Charles C. Gretsinger, assistant auditor of the Mutual Life; Robert Olyphant, chairman of the expenditures committee; Edgar W. Rogers, bookkeeper for Lyander W. Lawrence & Co.; Charles E. Parsons, bookkeeper for Lawrence & Co., and George McKibbin, of the firm of McKibbin & Co., were summoned before the grand jury and confronted with the evidence of fraud.

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R. N. Andrews, editor and Mgr. Cocoa and Rockledge News, Cocoa, Fla., writes: I have used your Herbline in my family, and find it a most excellent medicine. Its effects upon myself have been a marked benefit.

Sold by Alvey & List.

### Poor Henry.

(From the Philadelphia Press.)

"Very probably I'm a stupid chump," said the reader, "but I must confess I don't like Henry James' novels."

"Oh, you're not necessarily a chump," replied the critic. "The people who don't like his novels are divided into two classes—those who don't understand him and those who do."

### Notice to Contractors.

Bids will be opened by the Board of Public Works on Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock, May 30, 1906, for the construction of concrete sidewalks, curb and gutters on both sides of Jones street from Ninth to Tenth street, and from Tenth to Eleventh street, in accordance with plans and specifications on file in the city engineer's office, and in accordance with the ordinance governing same.

BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS.

JAS. E. WILHELM, Sec.

### No fear of Revolution.

John F. Stevens, chief engineer of the Isthmian canal commission, says he has no fear of a serious revolution in Panama. He says the country must decide at once what style canal shall be dug.

### Arctic Party Is Off.

Five members of Walter Wellman's Arctic expedition, Maj. Hersey, Alex. Loewenthal, Felix Rissenberg, A. Buzacott and Photographer Rosenberg, arrived at Trondheim May 28.

### Andy's Money Tainted.

Judge Owen Thompson resigned as trustee of the Illinois Woman's College because of the acceptance of \$25,000 from Andrew Carnegie.

### Crater Collapsed.

Another portion of the main crater of Vesuvius collapsed and peasants fled in terror, but no further danger is feared.

### No Merger.

Officials of the Southern railway deny the report of a merger of their road with the Monon and the Queen and Crescent.

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